The Hasty Wedding;

OR,

Williams Patience Rewarded.

With the consent of Pretty NANCY.

To the Tune of, The Man of Fashion, &c, The Doubting Virgin.

SItting with my Dearest Dear,
by a Little purling Spring,
In the pleasant time o'th year,
when the little Birds do sing,
Straight I was resolv'd to move her,
for to know how she inclin'd,
And to tell her that I lov'd her,
and desire to know her mind.

Then quoth I, my pretty Nancy,
well thou know'st thou hast my heart;
Thou alone art the I fancy,
and can only cure my smart:
Tell me then my pretty fair one,
when you mean to change your life,
Tell me quickly then my Dear one,
when you will be Willy's Wife.

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Truly William then quoth Nancy,
men they say are grown so strange,
Every one they'l swear they fancy,
so they may perhaps for change:
You may freely say your pleasure,
I can bear without distast,
Marriage should be done with leisure,
and I'm sure I'm not in hast.

Will you be a peevish creature,
and deny your self a cure,
Who could teach you such ill nature,
not your Mother I am sure:
She was scarce arriv'd at fourteen,
when she lost a single life,
And was pleas'd so well with courting
that she soon became a wife.

This I know is her confession,
but I've heard her oft to pray,
That I might have more discretion,
and to wait a longer day:
Therefore I do tell you fairly,
some years more I mean to wait,
Tho' indeed I love you dearly,
yet I am not so much in hast.

Well quoth he have you consented,
gave me hope, though very cold,
If you have not again repented,
I shall have you when you're old:
I have patience and you know it,
still to wait on you while life,
And will never think much to do it,
if that you will be my wife.

Now quoth she I'm sure you love me,
since you are content to stay,
And your patience does so move me,
I will marry you this day:
Now I see you love me dearly,
we no longer time will waste,
And I do declare it clearly,
that I am as much in hast.

Hand in hand these Lovers walkt,
many a kiss they did exchange,
Many a vow pass'd as they talked
that their hearts should never range
To the Church he did command her,
where the Priest did end the strife,
And sowell he did instruct her,
she that day was William's wife.

Printed for, P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-corner.